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of calling the ladies the “*shes*” of a family. But these are trifling faults, and easily remedied.

We now take leave of our author and his literary *coup d'essai*, and hope that he will yet redeem his promise of continuing the adventures of the amusing puppy “*Norrington*.”

*The Battle of Clontarf*, an Historical Poem, and other Poems. By P. Eiffe. Esq. Dublin; 1830.

We know not a subject better calculated to inspire the boldest effort of the epic muse, or one more rife with incidents peculiarly fitted to throw life and animation into every line that might be written, than that chosen by Mr. Eiffe. The descent of the Danes on our coasts—the destructive and desolating warfare which they carried on for so many years—the plundering of the monasteries and schools of learning throughout the country, and the heroic manner in which many of the chieftains defended their possessions against those lawless invaders—and their

final overthrow at the battle of Clontarf, by the gallant Brian Boirhoime. These, with many other equally interesting particulars, we expected to have found boldly described in a poem bearing the title of the little work before us.—But Mr. Eiffe's muse is certainly not fitted for such a task; and, therefore, we find instead of a glowing description, a tame spiritless production, decidedly quite unworthy of the theme in hand. The “other poems” are scarcely a shade higher in character; take for example the following stanza from a poem entitled “*The Broken Heart*.”

And thus is pride a barrier to our woes—  
Calms it the surface when beneath we fret,  
And like the dam'd up flood, grief's nightly throes  
Break thro' restraint, and overthrow the let  
High principle against, at day-light set;—  
Ay, when the darkness comes, the thunder-gust  
Of thought, hangs o'er, pent up, nor loosened yet,  
Until some pang ignites it—Then it must  
Break, and our sorrows, thro' the brain, are rain-  
like thrust!

Perhaps some of our readers may be able to understand this—we confess it is too *sublime* for us.

## VARIETIES—LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

*Extraordinary Caverns.*—About two miles from the city of Kilkenny, in the neighbourhood of the Park-house of the Donmore family, occupied by the Duke of Ormond, are a number of caves, as curious perhaps, as any mentioned in history—those of Antiparos, in the Archipelago, excepted. They are thus described by a visitor to them:

“After a difficult descent of about one hundred feet, the entrance into this subterranean world is gained. The appearance of the first cavern is uncommonly awful, and gives rise to the idea of a Gothic structure, grand in ruin. The solemnity of this place is not a little increased in its effect by contrast with the gaiety of those scenes which present themselves on every side previous to our entering it. The floor is uneven, and stones or rocks of various size are scattered over it. The sides are composed of ragged rock, in some parts covered with moss, and in others curiously frosted; and from the arched roof several huge rocks project, that seem to threaten instant ruin. The circumference of this cave is not less than two-hundred feet, and its height above fifty. There is a small, but continual dropping of water from the ceiling, and a few petrifications resembling icicles. This place has its inhabitants, for, on entering it, you are surprised with a confused noise, occasioned by a multitude of wild pigeons, disturbed

by your intrusion. From this apartment there is a passage to the left, where, by a small ascent, a hole is gained, resembling the mouth of an oven, but larger, which introduces you to a place where, by the help of torches, day-light being entirely excluded, a surprising scene of monstrous stones piled on each other, and chequered with various colours, tremendous rocks, and an infinity of stalactites, presents itself. Nature, one would imagine, designed the first cave as a preparative for what remains to be seen: by it the eye is familiarized with uncommon and awful objects, and the mind totally fortified against those terrors, the natural result of a combination of appearances so surprising, terrific, and menacing. The spectator flatters himself that he has nothing to behold more awful, nor anything more dangerous to meet, than what he finds in the first cavern. But he soon discovers his mistake, for the bare want of that light which dresses nature with gaiety, is alone sufficient to render the second far more dreadful. In the first place he fancies ruin frowns upon him from several parts; but in this it is more immediately threatened from a thousand rocks, rudely piled on each other, bursting in on him from the bending sides, or pendent from the roof, while by one false step you are dashed to pieces in the precipice beneath. It would indeed be impracticable to range over the apartment, had not na-